

# THE REAL CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

Born of Dreams and Magic and Witchery---The Great Universal Holiday Spirit Spreads its Mantle About Its Subjects Throughout the Country and in Pensacola By BONNIE BURNHAM

If there is one place in this wide world of ours where the real and ideal holiday spirit prevails--where Kris Kringle blows great Christ mass kisses to his loyal little subjects in a manner to do your very heart good, and where people young and old get out to celebrate and celebrate to beat the band, well, there, you've guessed it--where else but in gay old Pensacola town!

Pensacola people, in the first place are most beautifully endowed with a sense of real enthusiasm.

Some of them, now and then are likely to pause and probably own to themselves that it really is the ripping old town itself, with its world of opportunity for the gem enterprise, its quaint, picturesque and unusual settings, and the sparkling champagne atmosphere which is behind it all--but for the most part this undercurrent of content and fascination flows placidly into the very veins of the unsuspecting people themselves, a charmed and mysterious heritage, as it were, of a memory-laden, lavender scented Jim old Pensacola of long ago.

The very manner in which the city and her people go out toward the great plans for the holiday week itself is fraught with a world of interest and wonder and amazement for those who had not previously appreciated the warm pulsating heart-beats of an unusual community, adequate at all times and under all propositions; a people, if you please, who do things with a snap and a vigor and an enthusiasm--intermingled as it is with a far away breath of a time that is gone--a chivalrous, blue-blooded, wine flushed time, which casts a magic and charm of years that are gone!

The Christmas Spirit.

The Christmas tide is a time to spin long tales of the witches and gnomes and gauzy-winged fays, who, with the coming of good old Santa Claus, scatter the incense and breath of the real Christmas spirit, to madden and muddy the work-day brains of the world.

Did you ever consider from whence comes this magical monster whose breath is sweeter, more powerful, yes, more inspiring than anything else in the world?

Shall we take a holiday trip to his haunts--you and I--and discover him in his lair?

He is the same all-enveloping power, which fills the glaring cup of the beggar, who, from his seat on the curb, shows his rotting fangs, and whose call of "charity--charity" rings in your ears unpleasantly--warily at this time of year.

He is the same impulse, too, compelling Milady Bountiful to put aside her painted dinner gown and her

robe of pearls for a trig, little suit for the street, to go forth among God's very poor, and, by her unfathomable charm, to leave a trail of unutterable sweetness and purity there.

The same mysterious thing, gentlemen, that makes the wild-eyed mother curse her God and her all as she looks into the hollowed cheeks and the pinched faces of her own unfortunate little ones who are to have no Christmas--outcasts from a happy holiday world of a week!

But the real Christmas spirit--the spirit of legion and poet and of even the twentieth century day dreamer, arises mysteriously--noiselessly, magically from the gaunt snow-capped pines of a beautiful forest--enchanted of course--with only the uncertain tracks, perhaps, of some wee frightened bunny or cold little sparrow to mark the untrammelled whiteness of its rift upon rift of the soft sparkling snow.

It is night.

A frosty, good-natured moon, whose breath is of snow crystals blown to the earthland, winks down on the sight that he sees, for the gnomes and the garbled little wood fays, all expectant, are awaiting the birth of the spirit of Christmas--away in the heart of the pines and the cold and the snow; but they dance and they laugh in the joy of it all, till the red blood dashes and races in veins which are flowing in health--and they caper the more.

The pine wind sighs, and the dead leaves rustle in their bed underneath the snow; the moon, ceasing his frivolous flirting with Barth, hangs low in the steel gray sky above--a mischievous breeze sets the loose snow whirling--enveloping all in a haze and dream--instinctness and then, with a mantle of charity's own, its great, golden heart which is throbbing with kindness and love and mysterious magic, the great Christmas spirit arises, even as one of the greater of all the swirling snow gusts--to mingle and intermingle with earthly things, and to lend the beauty and inexplicable charm of its presence there!

As it envelopes the world, church bells ring out the tidings of a great, great joy--and men allow themselves the fitting privilege of being indeed at peace with the world--and with all her puny assemblage!

The Local Spirit.

And what becomes of this snow-born, magical Christmas spirit when he joyously embraces the sunny South?

Does his icy breath fall in the first sweet draughts of the tropical breeze that he finds, and does his step become lighter and yet more infirm as he reaches his subjects there?

Ah, the wonders of transformation! A few flippant mermaids are splashing about in a hidden nook near the shore.

There are sparkling crystals of brine in their long golden locks, and a dolphin nearby winks knowingly at the sportive play of these maids of the sea.

The sky is of heaven's blue; and a great orange globe hangs caressingly in its folds of azure tint.

The wind sighs past, through the waxen trees of the tropics--sighs lingeringly, softly, and fondly--a faint sweet mist arises and wraps the chattering maids and the ogling dolphin all in the dream of it all--and the same Christmas spirit--a thing universal, is in the air!

Enveloping, and ever surrounding its loyal subjects, the great spirit king finds a warm-hearted people, who, ideal in their enthusiasm, appreciative, and very responsive, are ready to show him thrice welcome here!

Christmas Charity.

Yet, after all, the greatest, the best, and unalterably the most satisfactory element of the Christmas tide is that of sweet, sweet charity.

Come with me to the rickety tenement house, where an anxious faced mother fondles babies whose eyes are as blue as your baby's at home, and who starved little beings are as pre-

vious as the chubby, prosperous little person who rules supreme in your own well-appointed nursery!

You will miss the cheer and pleasant anticipation of Christmas perhaps--the bare floors and the scanty clothing of the little ones will probably mock you in your first flush of holiday enthusiasm, and you may possibly witness a wild, hopeless, hunted look in the eyes of the little mother, unpleasant to see.

Here is your chance to make your Christmas complete.

Let the mantle of charity--of the pure, sweet charity of holiday time fall about you in all of its enveloping charm--stretch out your hands filled with the God-given bounty that is fortunately yours, and enjoy, for the first time, perhaps, the full sweets of a deed which, well timed, is indeed well done!

You will see a light in the mother's eyes which will be just a glimpse from beyond--and the prattle of little children, whose innocent joy has come straight from your own well doing will be music indeed in your ears.

Be, at peace with yourself in the sense of your unstrained giving--for a Xmas motto has already sprung in your innermost soul of souls, where you know is already inscribed:

"In As Much As Ye Have Done It Unto the Least Of These, Have Ye Done It Unto Me!"

Love is coveting for others the same happiness and well being that we wish for ourselves." of Mat. 19:9.

"Love is the fulfilling of the law." Rom. 13:13. Love is that strong, deep emotion, the going out of the heart to God, in deepest and truest affection. As "God is love," and as love is a part of His divine nature, therefore love, had its origin in Him and He is the fountain head of all the love we see in existence today.

When Exhibited.

We exhibit love in our supreme devotion to God for the great command of God's law is: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, with all thy heart, with all thy soul, and with all thy mind"; Mat. 22:37.

We exhibit it in brotherly love which manifests itself in our endeavors to relieve the sorrows and sufferings of humanity, and in our endeavors to ameliorate the conditions of our fellow men.

Love includes affection, attachment, charity, devotion, loyalty, fondness, friendship, liking, tenderness, pity, compassion.

Love is but the heart going out in sympathy for the suffering, and sorrowing, and sinning of earth. Henry Ward Beecher once said: "Love is the wine of existence. Love is the medicine of all moral evil. By it the world is cured of sin."

The scriptures tell us "God is love"; 1st Jno. 4:8. Then how sublime, how infinite, how divine is this great principle of love.

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We exhibit this spirit of love when we visit the sick, care for the widows and orphans, and relieve the distresses of the poor and afflicted. In doing this we manifest "pure religion", for God's word tells us "Pure religion and undefiled before our God and Father is this, to visit the fatherless and

the widow, to keep the commandments which we have heard, and to love one another with all the heart, with all the soul, and with all the mind"; Jas. 1:27. Reader, give heed to God's word as it says, "But whoso hath this world's goods, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?" 1st John, 3:17.

Love is Co-Extensive.

In its scope, love is co-extensive with the human race.

"Who is my neighbor?" the lawyer asked the Christ. In His reply, in the parable of the good Samaritan, Christ practically said, "Anyone to whom you may do good." Love is the pre-eminent virtue. And now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; but the greatest of these is love"; 1st Cor. 13:13.

Love is better than the gifts of tongues, than "the gift of prophecy," than the power to perform miracles, than outward works of charity for works of charity without love are useless.

"Faith saves ourselves, but love benefits others."

The supremacy of love over outward deeds of charity without love is beautifully illustrated in the following lines: "The gift without the grace is likened to the sounding brass to the clashing of a cymbal of bronze. There is noise, but there is no melody and no meaning. On the other hand, love is like a strain of exquisite music vibrating from the strings of a harp, warbling from the flute, or pealing from the pipes of an organ; or, better still, it is like the clean, bell-like voice of a boy, in some cathedral choir, rendering an immor-



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widows in their affliction, and to keep oneself unstopped from the world"; Jas. 1:27. Reader, give heed to God's word as it says, "But whoso hath this world's goods, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?" 1st John, 3:17.

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tal passage of sacred poetry to an air sounding like an echo from the minstrelsy of paradise. The former arrests attention; the going when struck produces a shock; but the latter sweetly satisfies the soul, then soothing and refreshing the spirit's longings for a heaven-born strain, and leaving behind the precious memory of a melting cadence."

Are you afraid to risk your limbs on defective sidewalks? Express your appreciation of the good-walks movement by helping on general improvements.

## GIFTS EASY TO MAKE.

Ideas For Christmas Any Needlewoman Can Carry Out.

Among the new fancy articles that are being made for Christmas is a folding hatrack which very much resembles a candlestick shade. A small circle is first cut out of buckram or tailor's canvas, the outer edge being twenty-two inches and the height five inches. It can be covered with denim, colored linen or flowered cretonne and is bound with gold braid, which is glued on, or with silk braid to match the cover. Three clamps or hooks are sewed on the ends, and when these are fastened together the whole forms a cone on which the hat can rest on the table or the hatbox.

Another acceptable gift is a handmade medicine case, which would be found most useful when traveling. It is made of plain linen bound with red braid. Cut a piece of the linen 14 by 12 inches and fashion it so that it forms four well shaped flaps. Bind about ten inches of red silk garter elastic and stitch it to the center of the linen in six different places. In the elastic put five two ounce bottles.



MATERIALS REQUIRED.

One-half yard of cotton.  
One-half yard of chin silk.  
One piece of cardboard.  
One yard of black damask ribbon.  
One yard of white damask ribbon.  
Half yard of ribbon.

DARNING COTTON HOLDER.

These can easily be obtained from any druggist. The two cross flaps are finished with a button and buttonhole.

A darning cotton holder is a most welcome gift to a mother. Two oval pieces of cardboard, about four and a half inches long by two and a half inches wide, are covered with flowered cretonne or any odd pieces of silk and a lining of white. Two spools of darning cotton, one black and the other white, are placed between the two pieces and held there by a piece of ribbon, which passes through the center of the spools and the upper and lower pieces of cardboard, being tied finally in a large bow at the top.

Wash the face in tepid water, rub the skin thoroughly with a towel, and apply a solution of three ounces of cologne and half an ounce of liquor of potash. Follow this with a tepid soap bath.

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